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rolling up from the valley the sorrowful, melodious "Lalo! Lalo!" repeated over and over, like echoes among the hills.

Many and many a midnight Enrico listened, trembling, half believing the sounds to be an illusion of his heated brain and bitter remorse.

One moonlight night the chief of the Kimbri, stung to madness, waked his most trusted warriors, and went with them to the valley. The woods and fields appeared deserted, and the mysterious silence struck terror even to the hard hearts of the Kimbri. They followed Enrico with faltering footsteps, when suddenly, from the gloomy shade of a chestnut grove, came the familiar, dreaded wail, "Lalalo! Lalo!" uttered by a feeble woman's voice, with many sobs and groans. "Cursed be thou, Oh, fool!" roared Enrico, sending an arrow into the dark shade from whence the voice came. A faint cry, and all was still.

In the early morning the maidens of the valley found Rauvena lying on the turf by her lover's grave, her life-blood slowly flowing from a wound in her breast. She died faintly calling "La—La—."

All day the maidens sat around her pale corpse, decking it with white flowers, while they repeated continually the beloved melancholy refrain:

Enrico was unable to live longer in the land haunted by so many terrible visions. He left the castle desolate, and journeyed southward along the coast. The Kimbris who accompanied him, when asked the name of their chief, replied:

"Formerly he was called Enrico, but now his name is Campbaos—the ferocious slayer—for he has killed his own son."

So the chief of the Kimbri lost his name, and wandered, a terror to the peaceable inhabitants of the coast, until at last, broken down by passion and remorse, he died; his followers remained on the spot and built a village, which they called Campbaos, in memory of their savage chieftain.

Enrico never escaped from the wailing melody he dreaded so much to hear. The chant rang through all Galicia, and even on his dying bed he heard the women of his own tribe repeating the mournful notes at the hour of twilight.

And to this day the fair daughters of Galicia sing with one accord the sad, plaintive sounds, which keep fresh the memory of Rauvena and her faithful Lalo.

—Helen S. Conant.

LAMP-LIGHT.

THE evening lamp—with how warm a sensation of cosy and snug human comfort is that name laden!—different in kind, as we grow from youth to age, but scarcely in degree. It may speak to us of "Arabian Nights," checkers, jack-straws, and the familiar faces gathered around the table: or, later, gild the solitary and ambitious books and works of student life: or its tender, sympathetic light may mingle harmoniously with the quiet talks and readings of wife and husband; or, lastly, it may shine with sweet, regretful lustre athwart the fragmentary recollections of the lonely old. But there is always the sense of luminous relief from darkness—of drawing the chair close, and relaxing with happy contentment into whatsoever lies comfortably at heart. The golden essence of a friendly humanity, steady and charitable, glows over the table from the evening lamp.

In ancient times, and, later, in the days of romance and chivalry, there existed no evening lamp, such as we are lighting now. In its place was the sturdy hearth, flaming and crackling with a rude and deep-souled cheer—symbolic of a hardier, more physical age: perhaps, also, of a more natural and healthy one. But, be that as it may, the lamp suits better the genius of our time—is the legitimate outgrowth of it, and, while rivaling its predecessor in all that appeals to and touches the heart of man, surpasses it in a subtle delicacy of refinement, the result of a more exclusively mental culture. Its atmosphere is first of all intellectual; even at the present day, we can gauge the degree of civilization by its presence.

With what a slender and polished grace does it poise itself in the centre of our table! We fancy its lustrous brass composed of the solidified radiance of the flame which burns the wick. The soft white shade of creamy glass is permeated and transfigured with the yellow splendor of the treasure which it veils. Above, rises the fragile and translucent chimney, instinct with the soul of invisible heat. The flame itself is hidden, but if, for a moment, we hold this scrap of paper across the top, see! up stretches an elastic streak of fire, like the dropping of an ethe-

real syrup, shading upward from an intense yellow to a warm red; it grapples with and chars the paper scrap in a tempest of delicate fury. The annihilation completed, it subsides into itself, like the down-sinking of a fiery wave, but leaves behind a scarcely perceptible shading around the mouth of the chimney, where the dark smoke has licked the smooth glass. These seeming-harmless little bursts of passion—they leave their mark behind them: and, if they recur too often, we shall find our transparent crystal tower transformed into an ugly, opaque, black tube. Meanwhile, the sooty flakes of the defunct paper float wavering downward, flurried with a breath, or are wafted away by the upward current of heated air.

How glossily are the lights and shadows reflected in the polished surface of the brass! In the day time, the lights predominate, and we can see fantastic exaggerations of the walls of the room, and the windows. But now, the soft brown shadows prevail. Nothing appears light except what is in the immediate neighborhood, and directly under the influence of the lamp-light. The most conspicuous object is the illuminated shade itself. Along the shaft, and the upright cylinder which, in a German student-lamp, such as ours, contains the oil—the reflections run side by side in long parallel streaks, some broad and ribbon-like, others of wondrous fineness and tenacity, like brown and golden threads. But in the circular and curved base on which the lamp stands, they lie in irregular pools, sharply defined at the edges, but continually shifting their relative positions. As we stoop forward to examine them we catch sight of our own countenance, though in a miraculously abnormal condition. It is doubled, and halved, and the halves deftly joined together, and the result is a nondescript physiognomy with two foreheads, four eyes, and a single long nose without a tip. If we scrutinize this strange monstrosity still closer, the two halves will elongate and finally part, each side becoming complete in itself—a reproduction by division, such as is practised by certain lower orders of animals. Or, throwing ourselves back in our chair, we shall see a sudden and mysterious contraction: the heads have been swallowed up, all save a small round knot of hair. But the completest picture is that presented in the small round globe through which the shaft of the lamp runs. Here you are, a half-length portrait, with an enormous head and a preternaturally expansive nose. Your book extends several square feet in front of you, and, as you extend a deprecating hand, the miniature presentment runs out an incalculable length of limb, terminating in a huge misshapen paw and titanic fingers. You now wag your head in angry derision, upon which every reflection, light or dark, runs up and down or shifts in eccentric curves, like grooved and oiled machinery. Between you and them there exists some inexplicable connection. Ah! you see it now: the lamp is a portrait gallery: it reproduces you at every part, and in every conceivable variety of posture and distortion. But, out of the hundred or more the gallery contains, not a single copy would you care to have perpetuated. They are outrageous caricatures, every one. And yet, could you look into the hearts of your many dear friends, might it not happen that you would find your image even more warped and distorted than here. You will meet with no such caricaturist, it is to be feared, as the opinion of your bosom confidant. Reflect, therefore, upon your lamp, and approximate to the wisdom inculcated by that old Scotch poet.

Gazing upon the brightness of the lamp, all beyond seems wrapped in indistinguishable shadow. We are conscious only of the light; it absorbs all else into itself. Now that we look past it, however, towards the wall opposite, the darkness rolls away, and the pictures, the mantel-piece, the vase on the bracket, the lounge, the basket of ivy—all suddenly grow into distinctness; and the more we turn from the source of their illumination, the more clearly defined will they appear. It is as well not to allow the light to occupy us too exclusively, lest we thus lose sight of many small matters, not destitute of a use and beauty of their own, though of much less prominence and brilliancy. Monomania is not a more desirable attitude of the mind than is objectless vacuity. If our eyes are dazzled by too much concentration upon one object, we lose sight of the pictures on the wall; but we can never quite overlook the former, even while giving a good portion of our attention to the latter; and often shall we discover that things apparently the furthest removed, are in reality those

most unmistakably acted upon by our central object.

Perhaps the evening lamp never wears quite so pleasant an aspect as when, retiring to a little distance, we throw ourselves upon the lounge, and so obtain an impartial impression at once of its effects and of itself. How cheerful a gleam it throws beneath its shade upon the table, imparting, to the green baize cloth, and to the objects thereon, an inspiring and broad-smiling charm. The open book, with the ivory-bladed and gold-handled paper-knife lying across it; the bronze card-receiver piled with snow-white cards; the variegated butterfly, disguised as an embroidered pen-wiper; the enameled watch, reposing, with ceaseless tick, upon its coiled and twisted golden chain—how pleasant, how genial, how inviting beyond all precedent do they appear! We would never imagine how much the attractions of a thing depends upon the light in which we look at it. Now we cast our eyes around the room. It is pervaded by a mild, clear tone of mellow orange, modifying all tints with its snug autumnal hue, transparent yet rich, such as we see artists varnish their pictures withal. It all flows from the lamp on the table, yet seems a somehow accidental effect outside of the main object of the luminary. Not less gracious is the light for that, nor less the charm it throws over our musing senses. No benefit is unacceptable, because it comes in superfluity and beyond expectation; rather is it then superlatively precious, as regards all wherein consists the true spirit of beneficence.

Is there not something in the appearance of a comfortable room lit by the evening lamp, which strikes deeper into one's heart than does the sight of the same room under the influence of sunshine? Perhaps it is because the light of a lamp is more in sympathy with this human nature of ours. Its imperfection, its gentleness, its impetuosity, its limitations—all these faults endear it to us because touching chords which vibrate within ourselves. We can be on terms of good fellowship with it; we think of it as a necessary link in the family circle, or an indispensable comrade with whom to pass a lonely evening. We love our lamp in the same way we would love a woman—the more closely, intimately, and dearly, that she is one like unto us, and full of tender feelings which, while not lowering her in our eyes, give us a manner of claim upon her. We love an angel, too, but with a less warm and human, albeit, perhaps, loftier sentiment of affection. Love should comprehend and appreciate; else will it be frozen, and become etherealised into admiration and wonder. The sun's place is in the heavens; he is far too great and glorious to take up a position under our lamp-shade. It is in no irreverent spirit, therefore, but with a profound sense of the fitness of things, that we thank God for our evening lamp. It accords well with the genius of study; while leaving us the quiet and restful sense of approaching night, it alleviates the gloomy paralysis of darkness with its mild, golden balsam. While yet our souls are allied to flesh and blood, we shall ever and anon find it necessary to slacken from the full blaze of day, and take up with the soft-eyed divinity of the study table.

—Julian Hawthorne.

"THE SPARROWS' CITY."

A TINY city in the great one's heart
Wakes while the other sleeps;
Lush leaves, like fairy portals, fly apart,
And from their bloomy deeps
The sparrow peeps.

"Brown little birds,
Up! 'tis the day!
Be every wing
Silvered with spray!
Fly from your homes,
Downy and neat,
Baby-birds all,
Tweet! tweet!"

Out on our raft—
Sailors at sea!
Where are the birds
Happy as we?
Dash and away!
Toilets complete!
All in a row,
Tweet! tweet!"

So, day by day, the fair bird-city wakes
Till glows the smouldering west.
It seems, while round the whirling tumult breaks,
A bright thought 'mid the unrest
Of some sad breast!

—George Cooper.